

The
MASSES

OCTOBER, 1913

10 CENTS



Maurice Becker

Drawn by Maurice Becker.

“Hope Springs Eternal—”

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ONE MORE

—“Will no one catch a Bacillus potent enough to down the epidemic of simpering femininity that is devastating the land through the medium of magazine covers? Some weeks ago an effort in this direction by our sane contemporary, *THE MASSES*, took the form of a deliciously clever cover design (“Gee, Mag, Think of Us Bein’ on a Magazine Cover!”), June issue) which . . . has so far done nothing to check the plague of pink and white imbecility which continues to smirk and ogle and pout. . . . It is in the hope that a second application may prove more efficacious that we are reprinting *THE MASSES* cartoon.”

OLIVER HERFORD in *Harper’s Weekly*.

THE MASSES

A FREE MAGAZINE

THIS Magazine is Owned and Published Co-operatively by Its Editors. It has no Dividends to Pay, and nobody is trying to make Money out of it. A Revolutionary and not a Reform Magazine; a Magazine with a Sense of Humor and no Respect for the Respectable; Frank; Arrogant; Impertinent; searching for the True Causes; a Magazine directed against Rigidity and Dogma wherever it is found; Printing what is too Naked or True for a Money-making Press; a Magazine whose final Policy is to do as it Pleases and Conciliate Nobody, not even its Readers—There is a Field for this Publication in America. Help us to find it.

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ANNA M. SLOAN, Treasurer
 BERKELEY G. TOBEY, Business Manager.

HAVE YOU

Sent us that name of a friend who would be interested in
THE MASSES?

ONE LESS

Dear Sirs:

Some one who evidently is possessed of more *money* than *brains* has been sending me for the last three months the Socialist magazine called *THE MASSES*. I do not want it and I notify you now to stop it. I am not in favor of Socialism at all, and if I have done anything to cause anyone to think that I am, I’m sincerely sorry, for I certainly do not want to be a stumbling block to any one. I stand for *God* and *Country*, *Christianity* and *Patriotism*, and for *Law* and *Order*. Yours truly,

MRS. J. A. JOHNSTON,

48 Wadsworth St., Buffalo, N. Y.

P. S.—THREE CHEERS FOR “THE STAR-SPANGLED BANNER.”

Contributing Editors

ART

JOHN SLOAN
 ARTHUR YOUNG
 ALICE BEACH WINTER
 H. J. TURNER
 CHARLES A. WINTER
 MAURICE BECKER
 GEORGE BELLOWES
 CORNELIA BARNES
 STUART DAVIS

There’s nothing Socialistic, Anarchistic, Idealistic or Capitalistic in

The

Remarkable Adventures

of

Christopher Poe

But it’s darned good reading.

The fact that *Robert Carlton Brown* wrote it needn’t keep you from buying it. (Some people say the book is all the better because *Brown* wrote it.)

All book-sellers have “The Remarkable Adventures of Christopher Poe.” They have to have it. Their customers, Socialistic, Anarchistic Altruistic, and Capitalistic, are united in demanding it.

The publishers, *F. G. Brown & Co.*, Transportation Building, Chicago, priced the book at one dollar and a quarter, so everybody investigated by the Minimum Wage Commission could afford a copy.

DO YOU AGREE?

"I HANDED a copy of THE MASSES to a man who came to see me the other day. He looked it over. 'That's too strong for me,' he said. * * * He thought they went too far. Everybody goes too far to the man who is afraid to go out of the house. We need that going too far stuff in America. We need the tellers of unqualified stories. We need artists of the crude line. We need the men who are the same to the end. THE MASSES is the same to the end. Taking it on the whole as it stands, it is a vehement red-paint signal post."—HORACE TRAUBEL in *The Conservator*.

"The best magazine cover of the year in America is that of THE MASSES for June, while the best poem of many years is the poem by Gelett Burgess in the same number."—*The New York Evening Mail*.

"In our opinion the illustrations in THE MASSES have a higher average interest than those in any other periodical in this country."—NORMAN HAPGOOD in *Harper's Weekly*.

"A worthy endeavor and accomplishment in the field of unfettered journalism. I heartily recommend this vigorous healthy magazine to those who need constant questioning of their pleasant comfortable attitudes."—*La Follette's*.

"I was delighted with THE MASSES. Its artistic quality combining grace with vigor and with purposefulness caught me at once. The publication should make an irresistible appeal to people of intellectuality and taste."—WILLIAM MARION REEDY, Editor of *The St. Louis Mirror*.

"THE MASSES in its present form is simply the best thing in the Socialist Movement in any country."—WILLIAM E. BOHN.

"Of all the cartoons ever printed in an American periodical none have had the sledge-hammer force of those now appearing monthly in THE MASSES."—*Publisher & Retailer*.

"THE MASSES, that brilliant Socialist magazine."—*The Rebel, Texas*.

"A clever and impudent little magazine, THE MASSES."—*Collier's Weekly*.

"Please let me tell you how much I appreciated your wonderful magazine. There is nothing like it in this country. If you can only pull through until people begin to realize just what it is, your battle will be mostly won. You are doing a wonderful work."—MARY E. MARCY, Associate Editor of *The International Socialist Review*.

"The livest art in America is finding a place between the covers of THE MASSES, a monthly periodical published in New York. It is the livest because it most fully expresses the reaction of real minds to our contemporary life."—*The Chicago Evening Post*.

"I think THE MASSES is a wonderfully strong, able, handsome magazine. It could hardly be otherwise with the talent at its command. Everything it says and everything it pictures comes home sharply to the mind and conscience."—CHARLES EDWARD RUSSELL.

"A friend has sent me THE MASSES for August, 1913. It is the first issue I have seen of the paper. I am delighted to see it; not only are the contents most interesting, but I admire the whole way in which the paper is reproduced. Mrs. Belmont, with whom I am staying at this moment, tells me of the service you do to the Suffrage Cause in America."—CHRISTABEL PANKHURST.

WILL YOU HELP US CONTINUE THIS PUBLICATION?

How to Help

1. Become a co-operating subscriber by contributing ten dollars a year
2. Send us one *new* subscription
3. Send us the names of five friends who might subscribe

WE NEED YOUR HELP AND WE NEED IT NOW



Arthur Young

Drawn by Arthur Young.

"KATE, IF A WOMAN MORE INTELLIGENT AND BETTER LOOKING THAN YOU, SHOULD ATTRACT YOUR HUSBAND AWAY, WHAT WOULD YOU DO?"
"WELL, MUM, SHE MIGHT BE MORE INTELLIGENT, BUT SHE WOULDN'T BE BETTER LOOKIN' AFTER I GOT THROUGH WITH HER."

THE MASSES

VOL. V. NO. I.

OCTOBER, 1913

ISSUE NUMBER 29

Max Eastman, Editor

KNOWLEDGE AND REVOLUTION

Max Eastman

Thaw and Jerome

THE world can be significantly divided into those who are always glad when a convict escapes, and those who are always sorry—with a small remnant who use judgment about individual cases. I don't use judgment about individual cases. I'm always glad.

I am particularly glad about Thaw because he is evidently just as sane as some of our leading citizens, and he has spent a long time in the worst place on earth.

What is hell? A cross between a jail and an insane asylum—yes?

Another reason I am glad Thaw got clear, and hope he will stay clear, is that he has been the victim of a peculiar righteousness which occasionally afflicts a certain portion of the American public. They want to throw him in hell—whether it is just or not—in order to show that justice can not be bought in this country. Jerome frankly defends his paranoiac persecutions of Thaw by saying that there are too many Socialists around, and he wants to prove to them that there is not one law for the rich and another for the poor. This is truly a novel idea.

If a vote were taken on putting Thaw back in hell, you would find the Socialists almost unanimous against it. And you would find the same statement on every one of their tongues. *If you want to prove that there is justice for the poor in this country, don't persecute a rich man who happens to be down, but come out and do something when a poor man is being railroaded to jail.* Go over to Paterson and fight for the life and liberty of Pat Quinlan, a citizen of this country, who is under a seven-year jail sentence for opening his mouth during a strike.

It is a queer quality of righteousness, an uncanny justice, that so rejoices to persecute a rich man when the rare chance offers—thus thinking to expiate the persecutions of the poor! We live in a strange world, a sad world, but does it not rejoice your heart and restore your courage to see that this kind of righteousness met with a unanimous rebuff from a large courtroom full of human hearts up in some hitherto unremembered hamlet of Canada?

Argumentum Per Accidens

MR. BRANDEIS says that the decline of the New Haven, the fall of Mellen, illustrates many morals. "It illustrates the evils of Monopoly, the curse of Bigness, the pitfalls of Law-breaking, and the futility of Lying."

But while there are so few fallen, while so many

Drawing by Art Young

flourishing New Havens and so many fat Mellens continuously illustrate the Glories of Monopoly, the Blessing of Bigness, the Respectability of Law-breaking, and the fact that a Lie is an Abomination Before the Lord and a Very Present Help in Time of Trouble, Mr. Brandeis need not fear that the fundamental moral standards of our civilization will be overturned by this little accident in New England.

Towards Plutocracy

I SAID last month that the motto of progressivism, economically interpreted, is

Philanthropy Is the Best Efficiency.

I cited as an object-lesson a letter of Jacob Riis—one of those who furnish "ideologies" for the progressive movement. I want to cite another object lesson from one of those who might furnish the cash-power:

To the Editor of the *New York Times*:

In my opinion it is the duty of the employer to provide the necessary safeguards and protection for his employees, such, for instance, as good light and air, sanitary surroundings, protection against fire and other dangers, reasonable hours of labor, adequate wages, no child labor, facilities for education and self-improvement, healthful living quarters, opportunity for recreation, etc. These and other advantages should be supplied under all circumstances, and there should be co-operation and good feeling between employer and workingman.

It seems to me quite probable that the better results which would thus be obtained through the *greater efficiency* of the employee would more than compensate the employer for any extra outlays which he may have to make to provide such protection, *so that in the end it would cost him nothing.* The hearty co-operation and friendly spirit which would thus be engendered between the employer and his workmen would be apt to prevent strikes and other troubles, and would decidedly be to the interest of both employer and employee.

ADOLPH LEWISOHN.

New York, August 20, 1913.

If this statement is true—and it is true, although it will not be shouted aloud by progressive reformers—it follows that none of these progressive reforms is going to alter the inequalities of our economic life, or narrow in the least degree the gulf between the employing and the working class. The reforms will benefit the working class, but they will benefit

the employing class *equally*. Therefore, although excellent measures from the standpoint of humanitarianism, they constitute no step whatever in the direction of equality or democracy.

THE same news of progressivism from England:

"When, said Mr. Lloyd George, they spend money on social reforms, they are improving the health and efficiency of the people as machines."—*Cable dispatch.*

EXCUSE the iteration, but here also is a word from New Zealand. New Zealand is a country where progressivism has, in certain directions, reached its limit. That is, it has gone just as far as it can without benefiting labor at the expense of capital. I quote this significant paragraph from a press interview with T. G. Russel, a New Zealand capitalist. The italics are mine:

"For eight or nine years the Arbitration Court proved very efficacious. This was about the length of time the court found it could keep on increasing wages or shortening hours *without confiscatory rulings*. All this time its findings afforded the greatest satisfaction to the labor unions. But when the time came that the court could no longer raise wages *without interfering with the economical progress of the country*, the union men turned around and began to abuse the court and the judges. Many unions canceled their registrations."

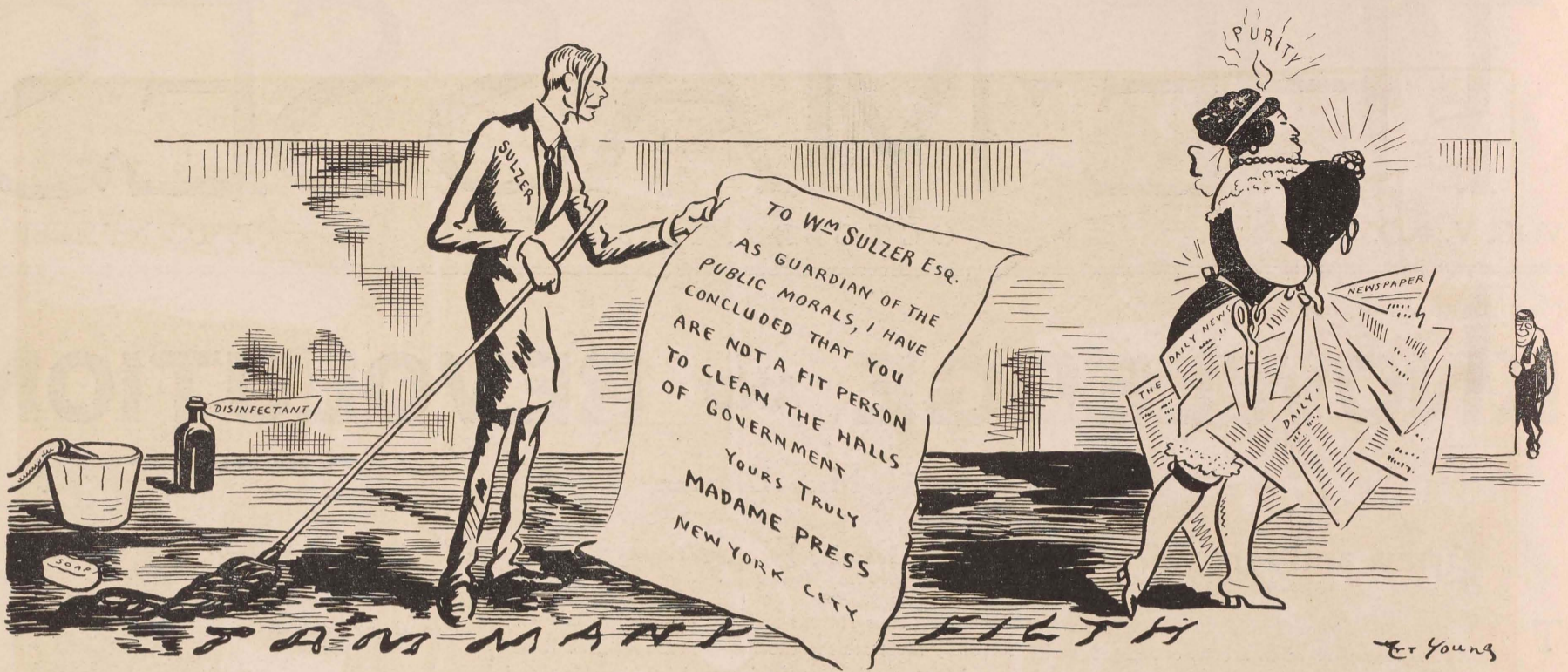
FORGIVE me again, but here is one more cable dispatch:

"Oscar Straus has been making inquiries [in Hemstead, near London] in the course of his visit to England, with a view to founding similar home settlements near New York. He says they would be benevolences with wide results *as well as a good investment for the city.*"

Benevolence is a Good Investment means exactly the same thing as Philanthropy Is the Best Efficiency. And upon the whole it is the biggest political discovery of recent years.

Towards Feudalism

MANY things which appear "progressive" are in fact a long step in the reinforcement of wage-slavery. Thus an article in *McClure's Magazine* for September telling what great things the United States Steel Corporation, "like a good citizen," has done for the children of its workers at Gary, has the title,



Drawn by Arthur Young.

A Job for the Pure Only

"Children of the Steel Kings."

To an acute reader it appears throughout the article that U. S. Steel is not acting in these matters as a good citizen, but as a good business man. But it needs no acuteness to see what the title means. It means that by an elaborate system of conditional benevolences the Steel Trust has become virtual owner of its workers and their families. If a child born to Dominic Valenzano and Carlotta Petrovino in Gary, Indiana, is the "child of a steel king"—you see what has become of democracy and the liberties of men in America.

The fact that U. S. Steel is also—"like a good citizen"—working the father of this child twelve hours a day, seven days in the week, is—as the author and the editors of *McClure's* evidently perceived—relatively insignificant.

The significant thing is that they own the father, they own the mother, they own the seed of the child in the father, and they own the seed of the child in the mother. They own the miracle in its mother's womb. Go, look at those gay pictures of the playing children—designed as a tribute to a corporation—look at them, and reflect that these are in truth the "Children of a Steel King"—you will get more out of that article than the author or the editors ever intended you should.

For the Pure Only

"TO have two governors," says Martin H. Glynn, "would, to say the least, cause a great deal of confusion that would be detrimental to the welfare of the State." This does not seem an extravagant statement. There is only one thing can cause more confusion than a pig under the fence, and that is two pigs under the fence.

But we liked the kind of confusion Sulzer was causing. For what reason we do not know, but he was really bucking the sovereign power. He was assaulting the king.

It isn't every politician will kick out the ladder he clumb up by and hang onto a limb. And we wish him good luck and a chance to spit on his hands!

Maybe Sulzer has a little of the graft taint left on him. Surprising, indeed, if he hasn't, considering the strong example Tammany has set for him all his life. But does that "maybe" disqualify him for trying to clean up the gang he rose out of?

Certainly, if it does, it also disqualifies some of

these moral New York papers that are too pure to back him up in the hot little fight he is making.

In Case of War

IN place of an editorial comment on Mexico I quote this from the conversation of a friend:

"Yes, I am glad we're not going to war with Mexico. Yes, I am thankful to Woodrow Wilson for it. I appreciate his restraint. But I kind of wish we did have an army that would go down there and fight for the poor devils that won't get anything, whoever wins."

Sign of the Times

THE most striking feature of Labor Day to cross my eye was a two-column giant headline in the *Boston Herald*:

"LABOR CARRIES OLD GLORY."

Think of it! Fifteen thousand citizens of the Republic parading on a national holiday deign to carry the national emblem! And that warrants a scare headline!

The inference is that somebody, whether the fifteen-thousand citizens, or only the city editor—somebody at least is doing a little thinking about the economic significance of that emblem.

To which subject this quotation from one of Woodrow Wilson's books appears relevant:

"The Federal government was not by intention a democratic government. In plan and structure it had been meant to check the sweep and power of popular majorities. . . . The Federalists not only had on their side the power of convincing argument, but also the pressure of a strong and intelligent class, possessed of unity and informed by a conscious solidarity of material interests."

Fake Oracles

HUGO MÜNSTERBERG, the press agent for the Harvard Psychological Laboratory, has launched into the subject of education in sex matters. I should say "launched onto" it, for this press work of his seems to have about the scientific displacement of a cockleshell on the Atlantic.

Making naught of the distinction between "education" acquired from novels, plays, or dinner table gossip, and the intimate instruction of those whose natural

function it is—failing utterly to sense the causal connection between private ignorance and the ill effect of public discussion—assuming that when a child is not told the whole truth he has nothing of sexual thought or emotion in him—failing to allow for the slightest change through social suggestion in our present exaggerated reactions to this topic—failing in fact of any attitude to this question remotely approaching the analytic or experimental, he simply delivers the reactionary German dictum that young people, and girls especially of course, ought not to be told the truth about sex.

His opinion—supported by nothing more scientific than a few big words out of Baldwin's dictionary—is not worth refuting. But I do wish to enter a general protest against these men who, having acquired an academic position, employ the sacred name of science to obtrude their social prejudices upon a credulous public. Prof. Münsterberg knows as well as I do that Psychology is a shapeless and immature science, that it has reached hardly any final conclusions of general acceptance, and he knows also that in the particular matters under discussion he could not get the backing of a majority of the psychologists of the world, for any hypothesis whatever. And yet he proceeds under the caption, NOTED SCIENTIST EXPLAINS, ETC., to inform the public, "as a conscientious psychologist"—to inform the public of his own personal prejudices and nothing else under the sun.

I have not an extreme respect for academic reserve or exclusiveness—the fear of an every day opinion which paralyzes the learned. And, moreover, I have an extreme respect for those noble men like Thomas Huxley—all too few—who have devoted their clear minds to the popularization of scientific knowledge. They deserve to be remembered with its creators. But for those who use the prestige of professorship and the glamour of scientific terminology to foist upon the popular press matter which they would not dare offer to a technical journal of science, I have no good word to say.

WE quote without comment this headline from the *New York Times*, describing the funeral of Big Tim Sullivan:

"JUDGES AND SENATORS MIX WITH THIEVES AND GANGSTERS FOR LAST TRIBUTE TO DEAD LEADER."



Glenn Coleman

Drawn by Glenn O. Coleman.

A GREAT JOKE

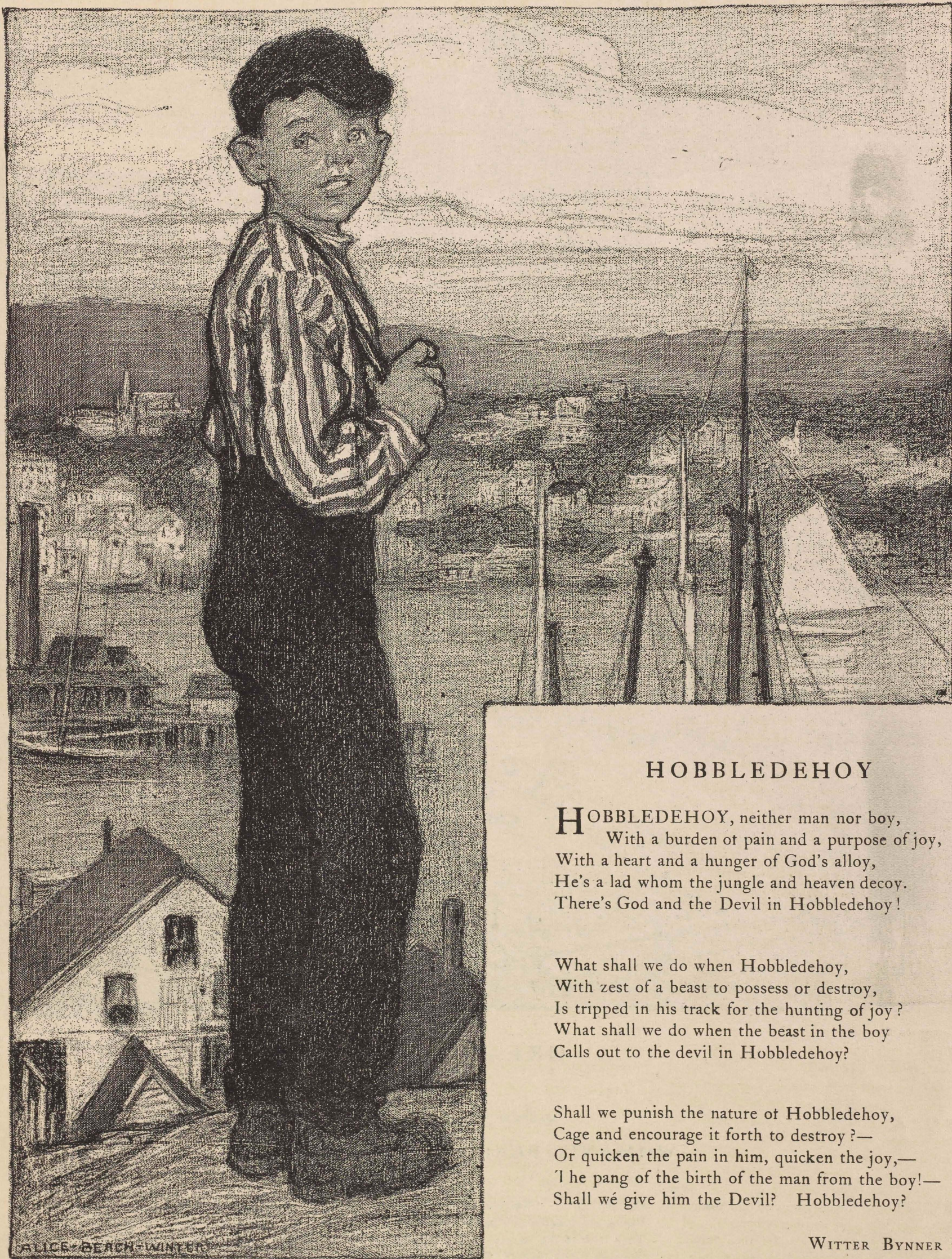
WOMAN'S PLACE—A Nursery Rhyme

SUFFRAGETTE, suffragette, why do you roam?
 Women are wisest in staying at home:
 A few foolish millions may slave for their bread;
 Perversely preferring to work and be fed:

But suffragette, suffragette, why do you roam?
 Babies are needing you back in the home:
 They frisk to the factory, romp to the shop;
 Naughty young toilers! Persuade them to stop:

Suffragette, suffragette, why do you roam?
 Mother is scrubbing at somebody's home;—
 A singular choice, that of work by the day;
 What are we coming to, suffragette, say?

SEYMOUR BARNARD.



HOBBLEDEHOY

HOBBLEDEHOY, neither man nor boy,
 With a burden of pain and a purpose of joy,
 With a heart and a hunger of God's alloy,
 He's a lad whom the jungle and heaven decoy.
 There's God and the Devil in Hobbledohoy!

What shall we do when Hobbledohoy,
 With zest of a beast to possess or destroy,
 Is tripped in his track for the hunting of joy?
 What shall we do when the beast in the boy
 Calls out to the devil in Hobbledohoy?

Shall we punish the nature of Hobbledohoy,
 Cage and encourage it forth to destroy?—
 Or quicken the pain in him, quicken the joy,—
 The pang of the birth of the man from the boy!—
 Shall we give him the Devil? Hobbledohoy?

WITTER BYNNER

SOAP AND WATER

Leroy Scott

WITH a little grunt someone sank down upon the bench beside me. But this event hardly penetrated my consciousness, so amused was I by the Governor Sulzer low comedy at Albany—until a husky voice breathed close against my tympanum.

"Excuse me, sir—but could you spare me a nickel to get a cup o' coffee?"

I looked up from my paper. I was aware first of a green and purple hat, crumpled, with broken feather, reeling over one ear; and of a heavy cloth dress—the August temperature was at 90—burst in its shoulder seams, and work-soiled and gutter-soiled beyond any guessing its shop color. The lady's face was puffed, her little blue eyes were filmy; but she was smiling at me with perfect affability and self-composure.

I spared the nickel.

"Thanks." With bloodshot eye she meditatively studied the coin, lying in the cup of her grimy palm. "What d'you think—should I buy me a drink, or get a cup o' hot coffee?"

"Better get the coffee," I advised.

"Yes, I'll get the coffee. It'll help sober me up. You see," she confided, with her amiable smile, "I'm just comin' out of an awful drunk."

"Indeed," I remarked politely.

"Yes, a regular terror of a drunk. I must look a sight. My face dirty?"

I charted the worst areas and she tried to erase them with the backs of hands that were even dirtier. "Yes, I'll get the coffee"—eyeing the nickel again. And then in an apologetic voice, as mildly matter-of-course as that of a hostess whose empty tea pot will not permit the giving of a second cup; "I'm sorry, but I had to give up my furnished room. Else I'd ask you to come up."

"That's all right," I assured her.

"It's kind of you not to mind," she said simply.

"Why did you have to give up your room?"

"All along o' my drinkin'. That's the trouble—whiskey. I'm strong; look at them two arms; some muscle there—what! And I'm not so old—thirty-four. And I'm a hard worker—dish-washer, scrub-woman, y'understand"—she mentioned the restaurants and hotels she had worked at—"and I make good money—five a week and my eats, and the eats are good, too—but o' course I have to sleep myself. Oh, Maggie Moore can take care o' herself all right! Ought to, for I been doin' it steady since I was seven. And I ain't got no kick comin', none at all. For"—even the grime and puffiness of her face could not entirely conceal the native cheeriness of her smile—"this is a pretty fine little world, now ain't it?"

"But your room?" I reminded her.

"Oh, yes. I'm ramblin', ain't I? I guess it's the whiskey and my not havin' eat anything. Well, it was while I had my last job at Codington's that me and Lizzie Turner, who scrubbed at the Hotel Belmont, went on a spree together. That's what happens to me about every six months; I get sort o' tired o' the work, I guess—dishes, more dishes, and more dishes—y' understand? I comes back to the restaurant, drunk, and starts to get busy with my face, and I gets fired. Served me right, too. I'm an awful fool. I got to drinkin' some more and was asleep here in the park when along comes a cop and puts the stick

to my feet and tells me to hustle along. I was sleepy, y'understand, and drunk, y'understand, and I tells the cop I won't and that three o' him can't turn the trick. He tries and I puts up a scrap—but, sure, he was too much for me. The judge give me six months on the Island."

"So you've been in the workhouse then, Miss—ah—Miss Moore?"

"Wha'd'you suppose—sure, lots o' times. But cut out that Miss business. Maggie's my name; nobody ain't ever called me anything else. The workhouse, it ain't so bad. You see it gives you a chance to rest up. I got out two weeks ago—not a cent—and it August—and nothin' but these winter clothes."

"Two weeks, and not a cent! How'd you live?"

"Picked up a man," she said simply. "He kept me three or four days and treated me fine, till his money give out. Since then—Lord, it ain't me that can tell you. I've been what you see me now—a bum."

Her face, which had grown momentarily grave, again brightened with its smile of utter candor and good-fellowship. "What d'you think o' President Wilson? Pretty good sort o' man, ain't he?" And for a space Maggie and I discussed presidents and ex-presidents and secretaries of state—"wisht I could be satisfied with Old Man Bryan's drink," sighed Maggie—and politics and suffrage and the high cost of living.

And then, again without an instant's hesitation, her mind lightly leaped another conversational chasm. "What's become o' that Evelyn Thaw?" she demanded.

"She's doing a dance in vaudeville."

"I don't see how the people stand for her!" Maggie burst out in wrathful disgust. "If there's anything I ain't got any use for it's a woman like that! Blood-sucker! There's nothin' decent about 'em. If she'd been, y'understand, honest about things with both men, nothin' would ever have happened. You be square to the men, and they'll be square to you. Ain't that right?"

"You've found it so?"

"Sure. I've always acted like a lady, and the men have always treated me like a lady. I ain't got no kick comin' against a man in the world. But that Evelyn Thaw! Think o' her, after livin' with both men, stirrin' Harry up to shoot a man like Stanford White. She should 'a' been shot herself! Didn't she have no heart? Didn't she think o' his poor mother, and that his m-mother loved him, and that it would almost kill his m-m-mother?" Maggie's voice was breaking with somewhat maudlin sentiment, and with the back of a hand she brushed the tears from her eyes. "I know how his mother felt? I had a m-mother, and I've been a m-mother myself."

"Indeed! You have a child?"

"What you might almost say two"—growing more composed. "One of 'em I got rid of before—y'understand. A young girl what's working can't very well afford to have a baby—so I thought. But the other one I really had. He's thirteen now; smart little devil; lives with his aunt and works in one o' them millionaire shops on Fifth Avenue; wears a funny little suit with brass buttons all over it and stands near the door. Only I don't darst go near there."

"How about his father? Ever helped you any?"

"His father? Him? Huh! No. He's in the navy. They're a bum lot, them navy men. He says he ain't the kid's father—and fact is, I ain't so sure that he is. Oh, well! I never needed no man's help. I can look out for myself." And her head with its grotesque wreck of a hat nodded confidently, and she smiled cheerily at me and at the world.

"Still," she mused on, philosophically, without a trace of bitterness or self pity, "it's pretty tough when a woman gets to be a bum, like me. I've been like this before, and have always managed to pull myself up—and o' course I'll do it this time, somehow. But it's tough. When a man gets down in the gutter, people will help him out. But when a woman's in the gutter, there's no, wha'd'you call 'em, Good S'maritan, for her. Still, I ain't worryin'."

"But say—what's a bum in my fix goin' to do? I'm a good worker, and the employment agents know it, and I could get a job in a minute, only— Say, just look at them hands, won't you!" And holding them up and cocking her head to one side she herself gazed at them in wry, detached amusement. "Ain't them the dirtiest two paws you ever seen! And I guess my face ain't much better. And I could get a job if I only had my hands and face washed. But where am I goin' to get soap and water and a place to wash? Ain't that the devil of a funny fix for a woman to be in!"

She laughed with genuine humor at the absurdity of her predicament.

My slow mind began to fumble with a plan for smuggling her for a few job-giving moments up into my bath room. But before my mind could operate, Maggie was on her feet, clutching her skirt with her left hand.

"Well, I guess I'd better be movin' along." And then apologetically, as one who has failed in ordinary courtesy: "I'm awful sorry about my furnished room. If I only had one, I'd"—

"That's quite all right," I assured her once more.

"Anyhow," she said heartily, "it's been a pleasure to have had an intellectual conversation with a man like you." Holding the nickel under the third and fourth fingers of her right hand, she gripped my hand with her grubby thumb and two forefingers and shook it warmly. "Good-bye. Glad to 'a' met you. Yes, I'm pretty sure I'll make it coffee."

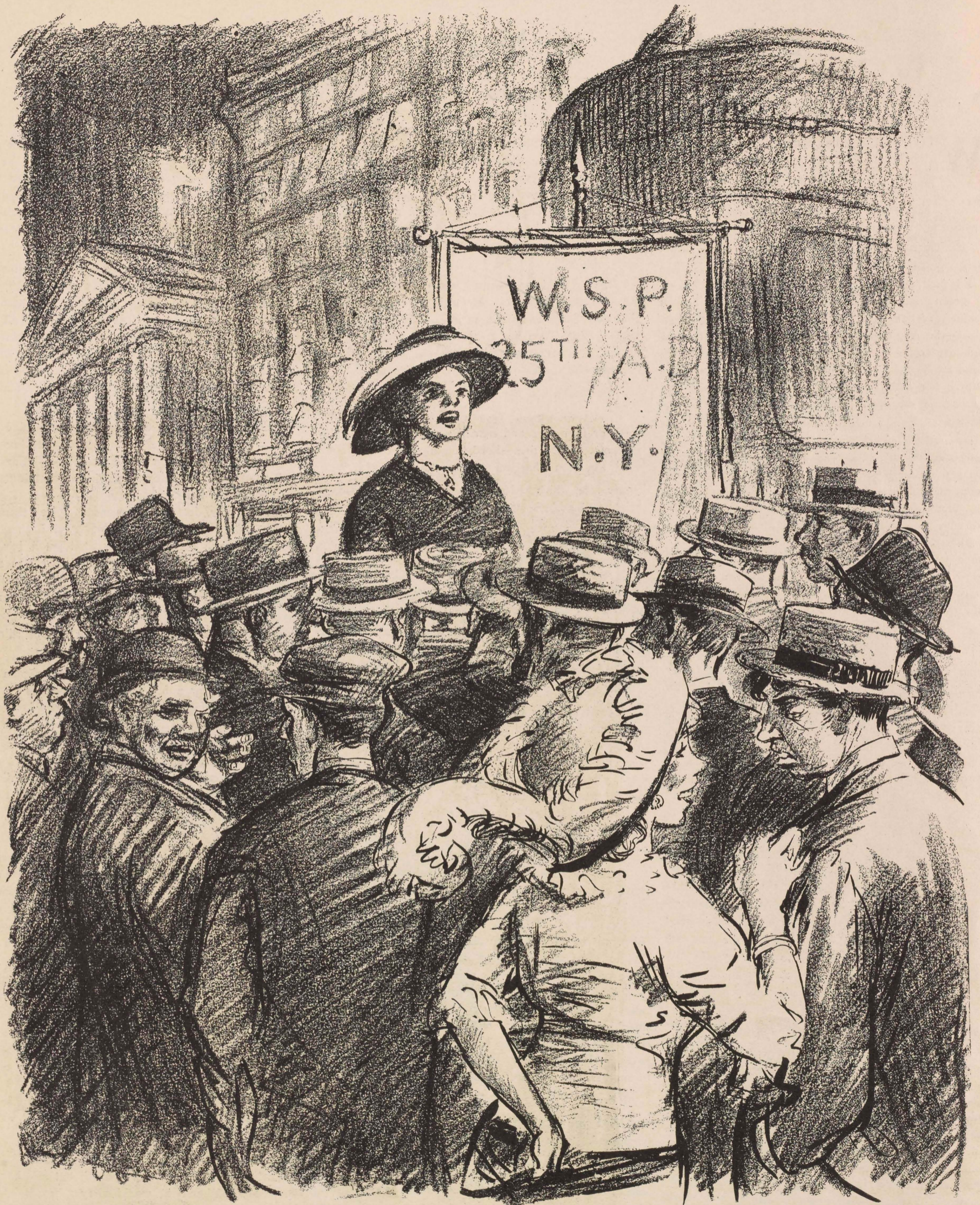
And smiling cheerfully at me once more she shuffled away in her unbuttoned shoes, and out of the park . . . leaving me still fumbling with my idea of a basin of water and a cake of soap.

A Scrub

THERE was an old woman crept out with her basket,

Late every night with the rise of the moon,
And where she was going I couldn't but ask it,
For in her old hand she would carry a broom.
"Old woman, old woman, old woman," called I,
"Why do you go in that building so high?"
"To mop the Philanthropy Offices dry,
And I shall come down again by and by."

MARY FIELD.



Drawn by John Sloan.

She's Got The Point

"YOU'D BETTER BE GOOD, JIM, OR I'LL JOIN 'EM."

An Address To Child Laborers

By the
Honorable Bumptious Uplift

AH, my dear little children, it is a great pleasure to address such intelligent and important members of the community. The place you occupy is most fortunate. It is absolutely impossible for you to realize what a wonderful privilege it is to be an active part of this great pulsating civilization, of this mighty world power than which, in all the ages of history there was never a mightier.

When I was a boy, we had no such luck, no such advantages as have fallen to your lot. We were allowed to roam wild in the woods and climb trees and go swimming and ride horses to water and do all sorts of foolish, childish things which amounted to nothing. But you, lucky ones that you are, need lose no time in becoming a part of the real affairs of life. So splendidly organized is the industrial system that there is not one of you who is too young to find something to do. Do you realize what that means? Do you realize how you are favored in having sweatshops and mines and glass factories and shoe factories and factories of every kind and business offices where you may go without delay and take up your part of the world's work? Do you, can you, even remotely understand what the good Lord, ably seconded by the unselfish captains of industry, has done for you by taking away those soul-destroying skates and sleds and tops and toys and balls and kites and marbles and skipping-ropes which can do you no good whatever, and in their stead giving you nice, bright dinner buckets which you can hook over your good right arms while you toddle off to your labors as big and as important as any grown man or woman?

Ah, my dear children, these are palmy days to be sure. I know sometimes you are sad and a-weary, but who of us is not sad and a-weary at times? I know sometimes you look with wistful eye upon some of those other children who, undisciplined, seem to have time to tarry by the wayside without thought of factory whistle or pay envelope, but, I pray you, be not misled by false gods. Their good fortune is more apparent than real. They are idling their sacred, God-given lives away, while you are staunch and glorious little veterans in the army of industry. When they grow up, they will look back and regret their uselessness. When you grow up, however, your brawny breasts will swell with noble pride at the comforting thought that, from childhood's earliest hour, you have not failed in your duty toward your fellow-man. They will have nothing to show but hands of velvet, weak and characterless faces and spines that are straight because they are of no value. Wherever they go, they will be scoffed and jeered at. You, however, will have great, large, manly hands decorated with the horns of noble toil. You will have backs gracefully curved by uplifting burdens and faces artistically seared by productive responsibility. And when you march triumphantly along the street on Labor Day you will be the envy of the world.

It is beautiful, my dear children. It is a beautiful present and a beautiful future. I beg that you will take these earnest words to heart. Keep yourselves busy and sincere of purpose. Do not let demagogues or labor agitators fill you with discontent or deflect you from your duty to organized society. You are God's chosen people. You are lucky beyond the wildest dreams of your forefathers.

ELLIS O. JONES.

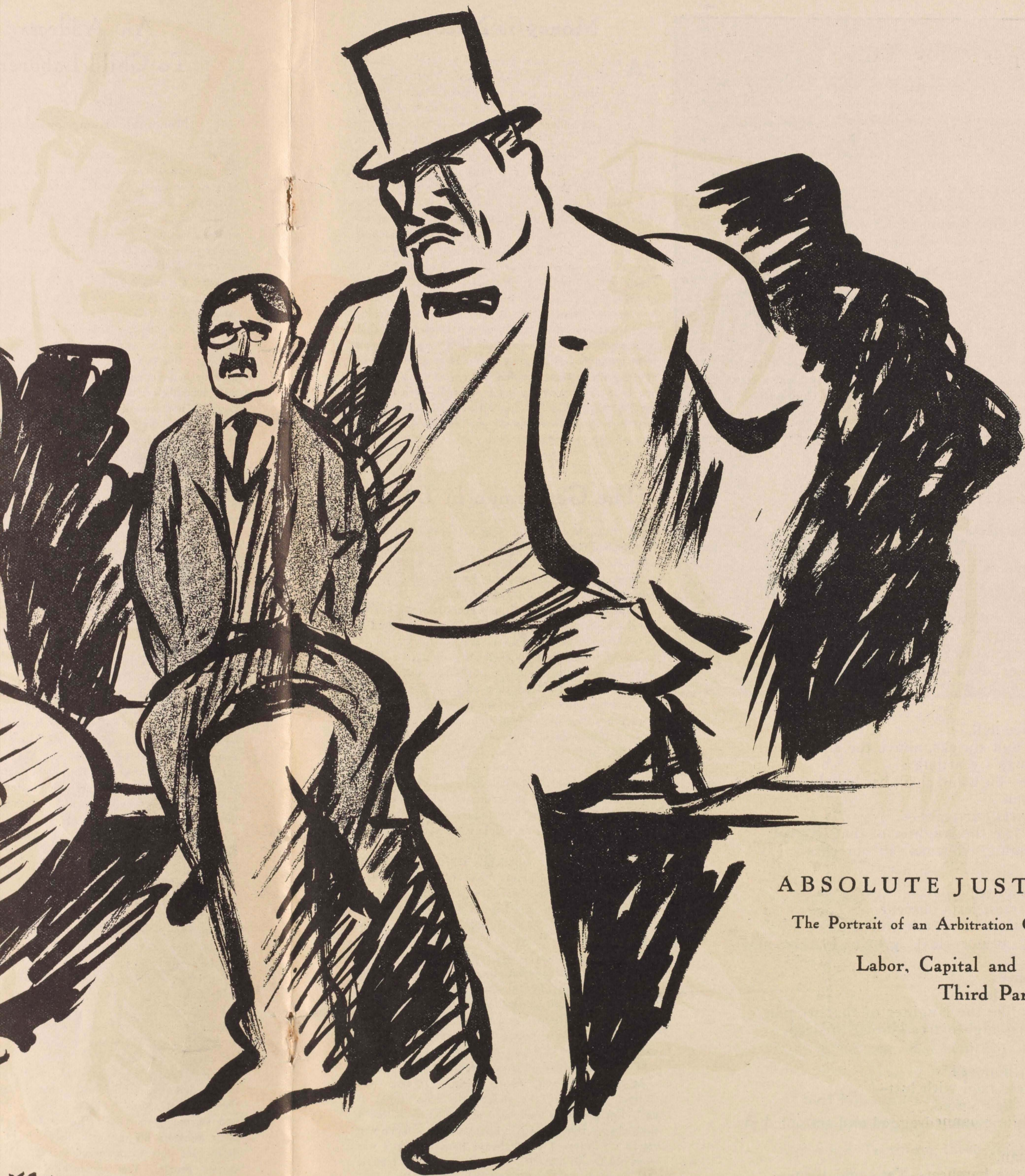


Drawn by K. R. Chamberlain.

Rest Indeed



Maurice Becker



ABSOLUTE JUSTICE

The Portrait of an Arbitration Court

Labor, Capital and an Impartial
Third Party.

KEA

An Appeal To You

SIX I. W. W. organizers, indicted during the Paterson strike charged variously with inciting to riot, advocating sabotage, unlawful assembly, and so on, are to be brought to trial within the next few weeks. They are: William D. Haywood, Elizabeth Gurley Flynn, Carlo Tresca, Patrick L. Quinlan, Adolph Lessig and F. Sumner Boyd. They are indicted under the so-called Anarchy Statutes which wipe out the fundamental rights of free speech, free assembly, and a free press. Alexander Scott, an editor, indicted under these statutes because he criticized the Paterson police for clubbing men and women on strike, was sentenced to fifteen years in the State Prison at Trenton. The court which sentenced Scott and in which these six organizers will be tried, is hostile. If the organized forces of capital, government and law can bring it about, these six strike leaders will be sent to jail. It is in the backwash of a strike, the period of dead interest and spent enthusiasm, that such things can be done. After the Lawrence strike, Ettor and Giovannitti were tried for murder. An alert and militant organization raised their defense fund and obtained their acquittal. After the Little Falls strike, Ben Legere and his comrades were sent to Auburn Prison. Unless labor takes up the fight in Paterson, Haywood and his comrades will go to Trenton. Money is needed and it must come from the workers. Whosoever contributes to the Paterson Defense Fund fights for his own liberty. A conviction in Paterson will put shackles on labor all over the country. It is up to the workers to prevent a conviction. Send contributions to George Alyea, Secretary of the Paterson Defense Conference, 56 Van Houten Street, Paterson, N. J.

THE LAUGHING WOMAN

William Rose Benét

ONCE I heard a woman laughing—
Not like laughter of the women you have heard;
Syllables whose beauty blinds you, and reminds you
Of a brook in sunlight, or a sweet, leaf-hidden bird.
There is laughter that is human
Though shot through with notes of pain—
And then there is that laughter of an old, old, evil woman,
Raising red and burning mists within the brain.

In the mad, gin-reeking dance-hall,
Through the brainless oaths and shrieks, above the smoke
Of stale tobacco, burning to man's yearning
For the swinish, acrid incense—high and shrill her babbling broke.
There is laughter that is human
Though its poignance starts our tears—
And then there is a laughter like the laughter of that woman,
Freezing hearts, and ringing raucous in our ears.

There were mingled in her laughter
Girlish love-words, wittold curses, jests obscene.
And the dancers swarmed around her, sunk profounder
In their beastly, battenning stupor—love grown loathly and
unclean.
There is laughter—bitter-human
Though it sears us hot and deep—
And then there is a laughter like the laughter of that woman,
Worse than all the ghastly nightmares known to sleep.

Old gray hair, that had been honored
In a life less foul than this, less mad with lust—
Gray hair, defiled, polluted, the refuted,
Boast of Man, the world's white banner dragged and trampled in
the dust!
There is laughter that is human,
Though the painfullest, the harshest—Yes—and then—
And then there is the laughter of that old, old, evil woman.
And life still crawls with maggots—that were men!

Money is Needed

“AND it must come from the workers.” That is the text of the above appeal. That is the text of every appeal after every uncompromising strike that comes off in this country. Not only must those six agitators, and under their inspiration twenty-five thousand workers, sacrifice five months of their lives in bitterness of struggle and hunger for the cause of human liberty. But after all that is over, in the few moments when they might rest, and when that twenty-five thousand might enjoy the little gain that was made, descends upon them this black crime of legal persecution. Not only they, but all the twenty-five thousand, and more yet, all the millions of loyal fighting workmen all over the country are now to be mulcted by the courts and drained of their savings, until the last cent of the wage increase that was won in those five months is extracted from them. Meanwhile—Progressivism! Social Reform! New Democracy! Uplift! My God, what mockeries! Sometimes the whole republic seems to be straining and sweating over this great problem of *uplifting* the workingman, but if the workingman makes one little single move to *get up* himself—then they all cry Anarchy! Riot! Unlawful assemblage! and proceed to beat the workingman over the head with this club of property-consecrated law.

The Gentleman in Black

UP in a garret sat a young man stricken with a melancholy fit, and, as was his custom at such times, he had begun to meditate on the grave, with especial reference to such a grave as he himself might comfortably and pleasantly fill.

While deep in this gratifying occupation he looked up to see sitting across the table from him a gentleman shrouded and swathed to the eyebrows in black. As the door had been locked all evening, he could only conclude that the guest was some supernatural visitant, perhaps indeed that allegorical personage who had been the subject of his late thoughts.

As this fancy dawned on him he discovered that those notions which a moment before he had been regarding with much relish, had suddenly lost all savor. He shuddered at the very idea of dying: it seemed to him such a bad business. Notwithstanding he mustered up all the courage that had run into his boots and remarked in a loud voice, “I’m willing to go any time. I’m sure I haven’t and never will have the slightest objection to Death.”

He moved his feet impatiently when the other did not respond on the instant. “Never,” he repeated.

“How do you know?” said the gentleman in black.

The young man thought hard. “At any rate,” he asserted, “I’m not afraid of Death.” There was a moment’s silence.

“How do you know?” said the gentleman in black.

“Well—of course—that is—” stammered the young man, “but after all—why should anyone be afraid of it? Death brings peace.”

“How do you know?” said the gentleman in black.

By this time the young man was pouring with sweat. “Are you—are you—Death?”

“Fear of Death is my name,” returned the other.

At once the young man’s spirits returned. “Of course! of course!” he shouted. “How stupid of me! I’m going to look hard at you now so that I shall always remember just how you look. Then you see in the future I shall always be able to tell you from old Death himself. For quite naturally I know that Death is not at all like Fear-of-Death.”

“How do you know?” said the gentleman in black.

HORATIO WINSLOW.

A Book Review

THE QUANDARY, a play in three acts, by J. Rosett, and published by the Phoenix Press in Baltimore, is one of the most remarkable dramas that America has yet produced. In spite of a crudely melodramatic plot, the action blazes with earnestness and savage fire. It is, in brief, not only a sharp arraignment of all petty reform movements but a staggering blow at the system of smug charity organizations that defeat their own ends; it shows that they are not merely valueless but vicious. The preface, which Dr. Rosett calls "A Dissertation on the Evolution of Humps, Etc.," contains the meat of the matter; it has all the biting irony of Shaw plus a very definite indignation which is Dr. Rosett's own. Here are a few scattered sentences for a sample passage:

"Whether we shall kill off our weak, as some of our forefathers did, and as present-day society is bent upon doing; or whether we shall permit them to survive, is a question on which we may differ. But we must all agree that if the former expedient is to be adopted . . . it should involve the minimum of expense; it should be accompanied with the least amount of suffering to the subjects; it should not endanger the well-being of the survivors, etc. . . . Strange as it may seem we employ none of the excellent means of killing at our disposal. . . . We torture our weak; we hound, starve and poison them slowly. In truth, the slower the process, the greater our satisfaction. We make, indeed, slowness the chief point; and the efforts of the legion of our well-meaning philanthropists, professional moralists and prescribers of virtue, are all directed towards this one point—to make the execution of the weak as slow a process as possible. To protect the agonies of a weak boy for only so much as one year is considered by us a deed compensable by the profoundest sense of moral satisfaction. A single Christmas dinner, dished out once a year to a half-starved cannery employee on half time—a potion that may prolong her sufferings for but a few hours—is regarded as an action engendering much piety and virtue." . . .

This random quoting takes the keen edge off the author's mordant satire. But if anyone doubts that the volume contains some of the most vigorous criticism and challenging scorn aroused by what we are pleased to call a "class consciousness," let him buy the book and read it. It is worth a dozen erudite tracts, a score of tenement investigations and fully a hundred well-intentioned but futile vice reports. It is propaganda in the finest and most stirring sense.

LOUIS UNTERMEYER.

Mexico Wins!

THE general opinion seems to be that President Wilson's address to the Mexican Government was "unimpeachable in diction." And it *was* pretty good composition, but of course you couldn't expect a Scotchman to compete, in the matter of sky-searching rhetoric, with the pure Castellano. As to what could be achieved with diction, Senor Gamboa, his Mexican competitor, is distinctly the winner.

"Bandits, Mr. Confidential Agent," he delicately points out in his crowning sentence, "Bandits are not admitted to Armistice; the first action against them is one of correction, and when this, unfortunately, fails, their lives must be severed for the sake of the biological and fundamental principle; then useful sprouts should grow and fructify."



Drawn by Glenn O. Coleman.

L I E S

ALONG the gaslit Boulevard
Under the shadow-spreading trees
They walk, the slender silhouettes,
Night-hidden, but for outlines hard,
Slow-stepping, wanly mad to please,
While, heart-deep, endless Hunger frets.

Or, choked, that hunger long is dead,
Or, unborn, died before its bliss.
The curve of feather and of eyes,
Their hot light calling to the bed—
The breasts borne temptingly to kiss—
Of what Truth are these things the lies?

Lydia Gibson.

WHAT'S - HIS - NAME

Eugene Wood

WHEN the God of Israel spake unto Moses out of the bush that burned and yet did not burn up, the recorded conversation is probably the most remarkable in literature.

Dramatize the scene. One of the speakers is a sheep-herder getting about \$16 a month and found. The other is God, the Father Almighty, Maker of heaven and earth and of all things visible and invisible, omniscient, existing before all worlds, for millions on millions of years before there was anything at all, not a star in the sky or a speck of dust, before there were even angels, all alone in the dark by Himself and doing nothing.

We can picture without much mental difficulty the ragged sheep-herder putting in the tedious days minding the sheep, leading them to where there was water and grass, throwing stones at wolves or other varmints with a "Hay! Get out o' that!" whistling, picking his teeth, looking up at the sun to see what time it was—trying to put in the day. And he sees this bush all ablaze and yet the blaze not dying down. "That's funny," says Moses out loud, for a sheep-herder has to talk out loud to himself so as to hear a human voice. If he doesn't, he's apt to get so that all he can say is "Ma-a-a-a!" and it isn't long after that till they take him to Kings Park.

But it is not so easy to visualize that God, the "Eternal Father," the "Ancient of Days," practically "jacking" for Moses with a flare, same as you would for deer. It seems kind of ungodlike. It is almost as unacceptable as the more usual picture of an old gentleman with white hair and beard sitting in a cushioned arm-chair of the Mission style, listening with His head cocked on one side, day in, day out, week in, week out, month in, month out, year after year, and century after century, to hear the compliments of the beings He has created. We cannot keep from thinking that that isn't very godlike, either. It's as if the man that made Noah's arks full of little wooden toys would be pleased to hear them chirp and peep shrilly: "You're the best ever! You're the best ever! You're the best ever! You're the best ever!" without a let-up, night or day.

But the most remarkable thing about the conversation is that Moses practically asks his God: "What's your name?"

He doesn't put it quite so bluntly as all that. He says: "When I shall come unto the children of Israel and shall say unto them, 'The God of your fathers hath sent me unto you; and they shall say to me, 'What is his name? what shall I say unto them?'"

Herein is food for thought.

What is God's name?

You'd think that God wouldn't need a first name. He is God, and that is all. Do we give a christian name to Time, or Space, or the Universe? William H. Time, John D. Space, and Frank A. Universe?

That's because we have been taught that there is and always has been only one God. Whereas not only Moses and the Israelites believed there were lots of different gods, but this God Himself, who was in a position to know, said so. For when He thundered the Law from Sinai's mount, the first commandment He laid down was, "Thou shalt have no other gods before me." There were other gods, but He was to have first call. This was the covenant with Israel: That the competition heretofore existing was abolished; He, as party of the first part, was to confine Himself strictly to the people He had picked out as suitable,

and they, as party of the second part, were to leave off any prior relations heretofore subsisting between them and His divine competitors. They were to be His chosen people and He was to be their chosen God out of a large and varied assortment.

And here's the second curious point. If this was the God of Abraham, Isaac and Jacob, how comes it that the Israelites didn't know His name?

There are those who think that Moses introduced to the Israelites a new divinity hitherto unheard of by them, a divinity whose cult he had become acquainted with among the people of his father-in-law, a cattle-god. It is supposed that this marks the transition from the state where they were savage marauders, like any other Bedouin, to where they began to be stock-raisers. It was necessary for Moses to know the name of this particular god so as to tell it to the Israelites. Even so, if it had been a man talking to Moses, it would have been a brusque and ill-bred thing to ask him, "What's your name, mister?" To this day we feel obliged to employ a euphemism like: "Pardon me, but I didn't catch your name," and "What is the initial?" and "I don't think we have ever been introduced; my name is So-and-so," thus taking the curse off by mentioning our own name first. In fact, when we were boys a straight-out question like that was considered so impudent that it merited an answer equally impudent:

"What's your name?"

"Pudd'n 'n' tame."

Ask me again

'N' I'll tell you the same!"

This all goes 'way, 'way back to savage days when a man's name was an exceedingly private matter. What he was called was one thing; his real name was another thing, not to be blabbed to everybody. If an enemy got hold of it, no telling what mischief he might do to you. It was just the same as if he got hold of some of your nail-parings or hair-clippings, which you ought to be careful to burn, or some mean skunk would make black magic over them, and the first thing you'd know you'd be down sick with something and have to call in the priest to find out who had been hexing you. Same with a real name. Why, if you knew Satan's real name, it would be worth no end of money to you. You'd take some hare's fat and make a candle out of it, and go down to Jaynes's drug-store and buy some gumm benzoin, and myrrh, and such-like perfumes to burn, and before dark you'd go out in the back yard and draw a circle and make the signs of the zodiac around it, and then you'd sit up late, and when it came midnight you'd light your candle of hare's fat, and get inside the circle and call for Satan by his name, and he'd come! He'd have to come! That's where you'd have it on him. And being in the circle, don't you see? he couldn't get you, and he'd tell you where there was gold hidden, and whether it would be better to buy or sell Steel Common. I was going to do that many a time when I was a boy, but I used to get so sleepy along about nine o'clock I couldn't prop my eyes open for two Satans. Also, we didn't have stewed rabbit very often, and I couldn't save up enough grease from the gravy to make a candle, and a boy kind o' hates to go to his mother and say: "Ma, I want all the fat from the rabbits, please, mam."

"Why, what do you want it for?" (Mothers are so inquisitive.)

"I want to make a candle so's to raise the Devil."

She wouldn't have let me have it. She was funny that way sometimes.

What was true of Satan's name was also true of the names of all other gods and godlings. Knowing their names, or having some secret formulas or ceremonies, or having some magical object, sort of put the come-hither on them, and they had to do what you wanted them to. Not every Tom, Dick and Harry has such power. The seventh son of a seventh son is generally pretty good at it, but the orthodox way is when it is transmitted by a touch from a person that has it, something like catching the small-pox. There are people to-day that can call their God right down into their hands. No matter what He happens to be doing, He has to drop everything and come a-running when they say the word. There's a neighbor of mine can do that every time, provided he does it before noon, and on an empty stomach. Now that's a fact; I've seen him do it!

I wouldn't want to have you think that I can do it, though I know how. But you take flour and water—wheat flour; Pillsbury's Best is all right—and make a paste, and you put that paste in between two hot flat-irons and make a thin cake of it. And you take a tablespoonful of, say, California claret in a cup, and you put the cup and the cooky on a sort of table. And you put your elbows on the table and mutter, all in one breath, certain words—the expression "hocus-pocus" is derived from these words—and bang! there's your God, right in your hands! I say "Bang!" because they usually hit a gong or ring jingle-bells at the exact moment He arrives. Mind you, this isn't the spiritual God to whom we cry, beset, as we are, with all our errors and infirmities, but something much more substantial, God in bone and muscle, fat, skin, serum, white corpuscles and red corpuscles, real flesh and blood. It may look like baked flour-paste and wine, taste like it, smell like it, but these are only the "Accidents"; the "Substance" is the "body and blood of God."

You don't believe this, but a man I know believed it so hard that after he turned vegetarian he'd never take communion.

So when Moses asked this deity what His name was, the deity evaded the question. He said: "I'm what I am." Because if He told Moses his real name before the transaction had been closed, Moses could have done all sorts of miracles for his own benefit and the deity couldn't have stopped him. If you think that this God of the Israelites was all-powerful, that's because you don't read your Bible as conscientiously as you ought. In Judges, first chapter and ineteenth verse, it says: "And the Lord was with Judah; and he drave out the inhabitants of the mountains but could not drive out the inhabitants of the plain because they had chariots of iron." This God had very marked limitations.

Before the completion of the covenant if Moses had known the Name, the whole purpose of the covenant might have been defeated. These gods get hungry, same as folks; they need to have the rump-fat and other portions of the animal burned at every beef-killing, and wine poured out on the ground, and bread set out where they can look at it. So if Jehovah was to use His power to help Israel, it had to be down

in black and white what sort of a table they were to set for him. For the Israelites practically boarded their God, though He looked out for His own lodging.

Later, He did tell what His name was, and it was kept a secret in the priesthood, lest unworthy people should take advantage of it and make God do tricks for them. There is a story originating in European ghettos that that was how Comrade Jesus worked his miracles. It is not an edifying story, and is absolutely unhistorical, I believe.

However, all secrets do leak out, some time or other. St. Jerome says that God's name is pronounced, "Iaoe," which corresponds to the name given in modern books about the Old Testament, Yahweh.

All this may seem very irreverent but it is the Biblical narrative that is irreverent when you take it as seriously as I do. It is the savage ideal of a deity that jars on the civilized mind and not its presentation in modern language. I don't say that there are not passages of great reverence in the Bible, super-reverence, but those your regular Sunday school teacher has pointed out to you. I want to call your attention to a few things he skipped over.

Superior Court

"WHO knocks at the door of the court-room?"
"Justice and Law," the bailiff replied.
"Well, there's one seat left in the court-room.
Tell the Law to step inside."

MARY FIELD.

Income and Politics

SALARY \$500 a year—stand-pat-shell-back Republican or Democrat.
Salary \$500 a month—Progressive Democrat.
Salary \$500 a week—Bull Moose.
Salary \$500 a minute—Plain Anarchist.

H. W.

Press Pearl

"IT was three minutes past one when the President began to read his address. He read very slowly and distinctly from typewritten slips about four inches wide and six inches long, with wide spaces between the lines."—*N. Y. Times.*

The Laureate

I AM the poet laureate,
I celebrate the king;
I say 'tis not his fault he is
A petty, paltry thing.

He did not build his Majesty,
'Twas handed him at birth;
That's why it is so vaporish,
So gassy vast of girth.

Nor was the fault his mother's,
She did not make the plan;
For who would get a wind-egg,
When she could get a man?

Lay not the blame on royalty,
Or on the blood that's blue;
Believe the poet laureate,
The king's as good as you!

As you that build his Majesty,
And bloat its pulpy face,
You water-blooded supplejacks
That knuckle to his grace.

I'd rather be his embryo,
Marked futile in the womb,
Than be the slaves that fat him
And perpetuate his doom.

I am the poet laureate,
I am not one that sings
Of any fell decoction
To stop the hearts of kings,

Or thinks it wants a scavenger,
With vitriolic fire,
To purge the earth of royalty
And all the regal mire.

I sing the sacred wonder
That kings are human still;
Though poisoned through the ages,
Though sterilized of will,

Denatured, puffed, perverted
With vapidness of lies—
They still have looking faces—
A light is in their eyes.

It proves the sovereign urge of life,
Divine impulsive power,
That gave his blood to any man,
Or brought him to his hour.

If you would only strip them,
And whip them out-of-doors,
'Twould need no fell decoction—
A king could do the chores.

Chris. Lovely.



Drawn by Cornelia Barns.

FISHING FOR CHIVALRY

"HEAVENS, MRS. LAURIE! YOU DON'T MEAN TO TELL ME YOU'VE TAKEN THE VEIL!"
"O, NO. THESE ARE MY SUBWAY CLOTHES."
"SUBWAY CLOTHES!"
"YES, I FOUND THIS WAS THE ONLY WAY TO MAKE SURE OF A SEAT."



Drawn by John Sloan.

NATIONAL ASSOCIATION OF MANUFACTURERS: "IF THAT KEEPS ON ITCHING BACK THERE, I'LL HAVE TO SCRATCH."

THE MILITANT

(ON THE AUGUST COVER OF THE MASSES)

I LOOKED at the picture, casually only, as, by chance, I picked up the magazine. And I wondered, idly, why she was so named—the Militant—she of the gentle face, the sweet mouth, and the quiet eyes.

I turned the pages—I detest such literature. It stirs me up; it riles me; it annoys me! I systematically avoid it. I opened to page 13 and I read. And I turned to 14 and I read on. And I closed the pages in horror and I threw the thing aside—for I detest such literature—I refuse to read it!

But the paper fell front cover up—and again I looked at her face—she of the tender mouth.

I picked the magazine up again—for it fascinated me—though I detest such things—I who love to think only on whatsoever is pure, and holy, and of good repute. And I opened to page 9 and I read. And I turned to 10 and I looked long at the double-page picture. And I went back, deliberately, to the cover and looked at her face—and at the other face in her protecting shadow—and I knew why she was the Militant—she of the quiet eyes, the sweet mouth, and the delicate hands.

MARY KATHARINE REELY.

Eighth Heaven

'TIS said that there are places seven,
For all good people when they die,
And far beyond there's another Heaven,
For the man who never told a lie.

And there he sits, alone, alone;
No one to cuss him or wish him well,
And day and night he makes this moan,
"Oh Lord, I wish I'd gone to Hell."

WILL HERFORD.

What August Did For History

Howard Brubaker

NEW YORK fusionists put their best foot forward by nominating John Purroy Mitchel for mayor, but keep the other foot on the fire escape. McAneny decides that half a loaf is better than loafing all the time and takes a place on the ticket. The express companies threaten to demoralize the parcel post by giving good service. The President sends Lind on a wrist-slapping expedition to Mexico, but Lind is more slapped than slapping. Germany scolds the Krupp grafters and sends some lieutenants to jail. The Balkans close their second war and make plans for the third. Milan tries to conquer the work habit. Governor Sulzer is nominated for chief of the department of Perjury and Larceny, but after three days' reflection indignantly declines. He decides that it is unconstitutional to be impeached in the summer time and besides the pot is blacker than the kettle. Albany is all clogged up with governors. Harry Thaw breaks out of Matteawan and into the front page. He is captured in Canada. New York demands him back, but fails to give reasons. Canada reports bumper crop of alienists and barristers, but an

epidemic of itching palm. A fresh consignment of Sulzer's past arrives from Cuba. The house of governors meets in Colorado, but none of New York's chief executives attend. New York Socialists nominate Russell, but fail to endorse rigid economy. Chicago baseball fans come out in favor of the English language. The Pope vetoes creative evolution. Murphy meets in New York and nominates McCall for mayor without a dissenting voice. The Tammany Tiger swallows fearless investigator Whitman. Gaynor launches a life boat and picks up odds and ends of fusionists. Mitchel laments: bolt and the world bolts with you, fuse and you fuse alone. Wilson urges American capitalists to withdraw from Mexico so it can yield to moral force. Bryan takes a wild night ride and saves the lecture fee. Citizens, criminals and governors go to work on Missouri's roads. The City of Brotherly Love riots at a baseball game. The New Haven railroad retains Mellen as head of the wreck department. The Catholics tell the labor unions that great thinkers are at work on the problem of unemployment and nobody should worry. The Pacific ocean enters the Panama canal.

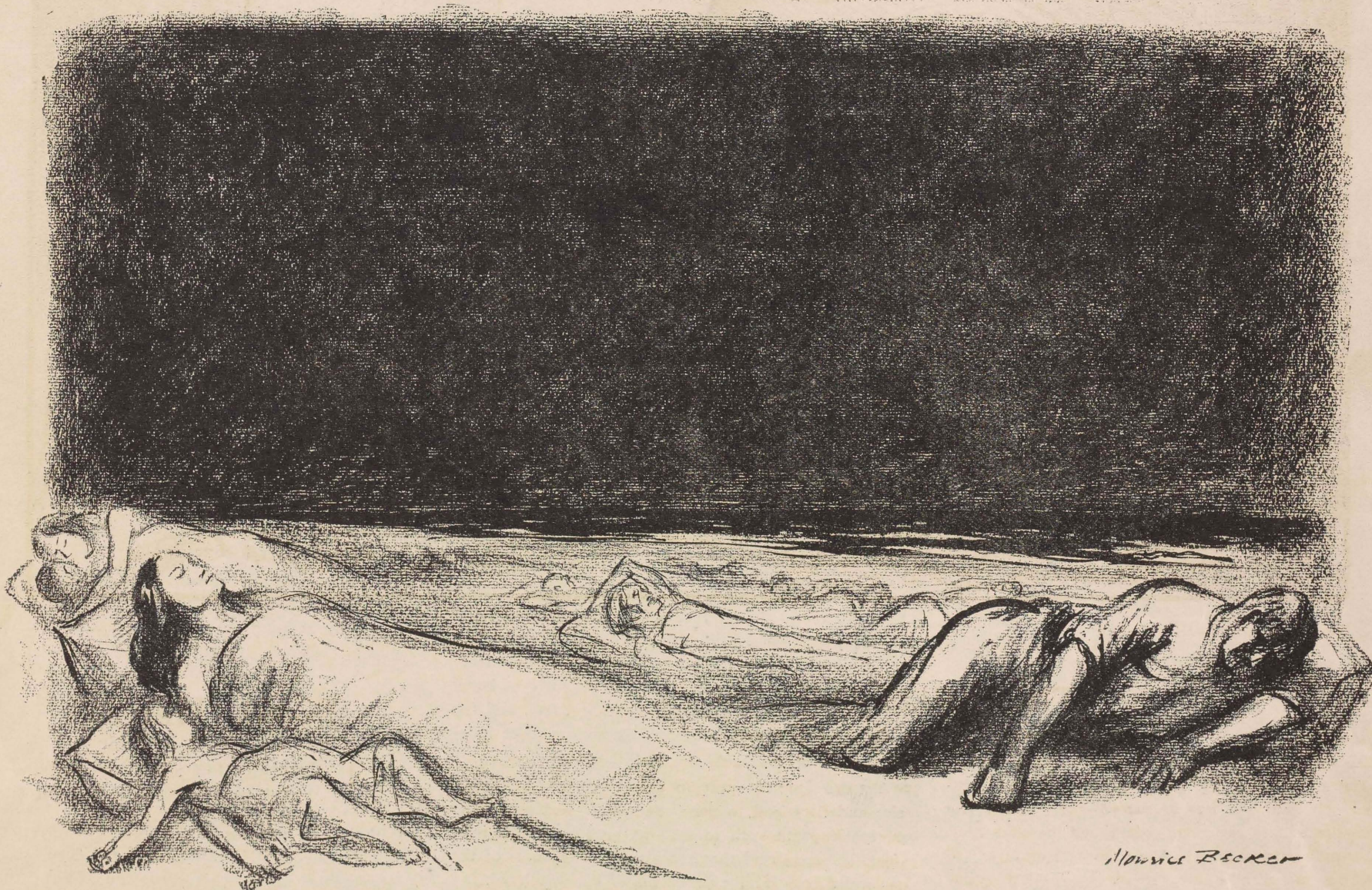
HOWARD BRUBAKER.

Poor Pennsylvania!

PENNSYLVANIA is diving headlong into hot water. Her dive takes the form of a law which forbids the rights of marriage to persons with transmissible diseases, of unsound mind, or who have received public charity within the past five years. All of which is pretty nearly proof that legislatures rush in where executives find the walking rough. If there is any set of people who can execute this law to the satisfaction of any other set of people, an ample niche in the Hall of Fame awaits them.

It may be possible for the physicians to reach some approximation of agreement as to transmissible diseases. It might even be that two or more responsible alienists can be found to agree as to what constitutes an unsound mind. But what of the public charity? What of the many recipients of public favor, such as useless public officials, contractors on State Capitols and other public works, beneficiaries of valuable city franchises, bankers who get the use of State and municipal moneys, and so on? To say the least, Pennsylvania is no less full than other States of these larger participants of public charity. Is Pennsylvania then going into this matter thoroughly and earnestly, or is she going to make fish of one and flesh of another? Either way, Pennsylvania is in for it. A more intricate galaxy of dilemmas we have not heard of in a long time.

ELLIS O. JONES.



Drawn by Maurice Becker.

FLOTSAM

A Midsummer Night's Dream At Coney Island

THE WORLD-WIDE BATTLE LINE

William English Walling

The Birth-Strike

THE two most prominent woman members of the German Party, Rosa Luxemburg and Clara Zetkin, both oppose the birth-strike. But it is widely approved in Germany as a means of decreasing the number both of future soldiers and of future workingmen. In France also this restriction of births is advocated by Anatole France and other Socialists, not as a mass-movement or strike, however, but as a means of raising the standard of living.

Vorwaerts attacks the proposed strike, aiming to prove in a few words its inutility both as an economic and as an anti-military measure. But the *Vorwaerts* arguments go further and apply against the individual restriction of the number of children for private reasons.

We are told in the same breath that this restriction is a sign of bourgeois degeneration and that it is practiced by a number of non-German proletariats. The German workers are warned that Germany's superior position is due to large families and will disappear if the small families of the French proletariat are imitated. And the superior German Socialist development would also be menaced.

Vorwaerts ridicules the "bourgeois" idea that the quantity of births is being limited in order to improve the quality of children. It acknowledges, however, that restriction is more and more widely practiced by the "women comrades."

Perhaps the women comrades know a little more about this question than *Vorwaerts*.

Australian Socialism

THE Australian Labor Party lost the government and their referenda by a very narrow margin. They control the Senate by a large majority and will probably soon be "in" again to carry out their program of trust regulation (including the fixing of prices) and an extended measure of compulsory arbitration of labor disputes.

The chief issue in Queensland, which gave a Labor majority and Labor Senators, is still the exclusion of non-white races. "A white Australia" is the ideal of this branch of the international brotherhood of labor. But when our Southern and Pacific Coast unions and Socialists get together, can it be different in this country?

The Storm Breaks Loose

WHEN the German Socialists voted the Kaiser money for a vast increase of armament, it was evident that the Socialist Party—for the moment at least—had fallen into new hands. The opportunist members took the lead in the Reichstag and Bebel and Kautsky followed.

For a while all opposition to this astounding action was suppressed by the powerful party machine. But at last the storm has broken loose.

One local organization after another—in Berlin, in Dresden, in Leipzig, in Hamburg—has met to denounce this surrender. A large number of Reichstag members

have declared that the opposition even in the Reichstag group was extremely bitter and that it might have prevented this action but for *extreme party discipline* and *the secret caucus*.

Brilliant Success in France

IN contrast to the surrender of the German Socialists before the present wave of militarism—which has undeniably been popular, even though this popularity was bought and paid for by the capitalists—is the brilliant success of the French. It is true that the law restoring the three years of military service was finally passed—after great difficulties owing to Socialist opposition in and out of Parliament. But it will not apply to the soldiers now in service. This Socialist amendment, passed at the last moment and by a narrow margin of votes, gives the Socialists and genuine radicals two years in which to agitate for the repeal of the law.

And they have every prospect of success. Last spring they were defeated in every close election. At the recent municipal election in Paris they gained rapidly. The Socialist agitation in and out of Parliament, together with that of the unions, not only brought about the above amendment, but is bringing the masses (or those of them who had wavered) back to their senses. Nor is this all. The Socialists have wrung from the government a promise that the rich shall pay the lion's share of the new military taxes—*without voting the government increased sums for military objects*. Premier Barthow says the possessing classes must pay more *because they get more benefit from the increased armament*—a theoretical admission as valuable as the financial concession itself.

Will Socialists Support Anti-Socialist Governments?

THIS is the question as it frames itself in Denmark. Important constitutional changes are impending, and the newly strengthened Socialists have promised their support to a Radical government during the period when these are being brought about.

Philip Snowden, M.P., one of the leaders of the British Socialist "Independent Labour Party," has recently written a severe criticism of the non-Socialist "Labour Party" (of which the *Independent Party*, strange to say, is a part—and a minority at that). He makes a sharp distinction between the "Coalition Government" dominated by the Liberals, which he says is now being advocated even within the *Independent Party*, and the older policy of "wringing concessions by strict independence."

Yet the same reasoning is used to support both policies and they lead to the same results—exclusive preoccupation with such reforms as promise (while incidentally benefiting Labor) to increase the profits of the profit-makers, and the privileges of the privileged.

Thus a prominent German Comrade said that the *principle* just abandoned by the German Party belonged to "a period when the Party was as yet no decisive factor in politics." That is to say, as long as it had

no power the Party could afford to stand for principles. But now that it has power, it cannot afford to risk its influence over the politics of the day for such far-away things as principles. It must preserve its power to advance capitalistic reforms, relegate principles to the distant future, and follow the requirements of the non-Socialist majority.

"The Slump" in England

A LEADING Fabian, Hubert Bland, one of the famous essayists, says that the British Socialists have left Socialism "on the shelf" in order to occupy themselves with Social Reform. As a Social Reform Socialist and an insider from the beginning he ought to know. He says they occupy themselves with advocating free education, free school lunches, an eight-hour day, municipal ownership, and graduated taxation. J. Bruce Glasier, formerly Chairman of the F. L. P., can find no better argument in reply than that they also occupy themselves with the nationalization of railways, mines, and land. Glasier acknowledges that these measures are also advocated by many wealthy and conservative persons, but says that this takes nothing away from their Socialism.

Socialist Governments Soon

THE rapid increase of the Socialist vote in Holland, Belgium, Denmark, Finland, and Germany is bringing us to the question whether Socialists shall form coalition governments with other parties. It was only after a long struggle and by a close vote of 375 to 320 that the Dutch Party finally decided not to form a Ministry under the Queen. There were plenty of "reasons" why Troelstra and the other leaders considered Holland an exception to the Socialist rule of uncompromising opposition, but "not a single excuse." They said that a universal suffrage law and old age pensions are impending, etc., etc. But these temptations to share in public office and power are becoming more and more frequent and must necessarily do so as the vote increases. Can it be long before somebody succumbs? If not Troelstra in Holland, then Vandervelde in Belgium, Bissolati in Italy, Branting in Sweden, or von Volmar in Bavaria?

The *Daily Citizen* is already preparing the way for a Labor-Liberal coalition in England, among other methods, by treating the Dutch situation under this heading:

Socialists in Power.

Is Aloofness Justified?

Governments of the Future.

And the writer proposes a Lloyd George government to include Macdonald, Henderson, and Keir Hardie. We have every reason to suppose the first two might accept. Would Hardie refuse? Of course "a very exceptional situation" would be artfully provided by the others so as to make it "impossible" for him to refuse.

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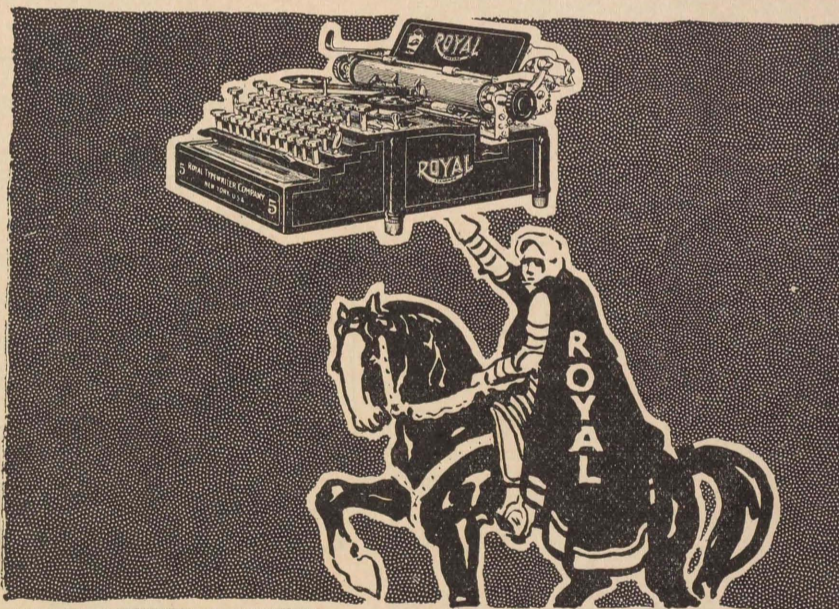
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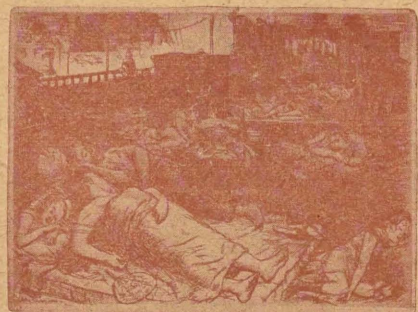
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